

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein tow'rd me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a tim'rous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much — nothing, indeed —
I would not tell you what I would — 'faith, yes —
Strangers and foes do funder, and not kifs.

Ber. I pray you, stay not; but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur? farewell,
Go thou tow'rd home; where I will never come, [Exit *Hel.*
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, couragio!

[Exeunt.]